

# TREASURE CHEST

OF  
FUN &  
FACTS

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DEBUNKING ANIMALS

PUZZLE PAGE

32 PAGES  
IN FULL COLOR

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# DEBUNKING THE ANIMALS

1 **THE WISE OLD OWL**—HE MERELY LOOKS WISE, & AFTER HE HAS HAD A BATH HE IS NOT VERY IMPRESSIVE.



2 **KING OF BEASTS**, THE FEARLESS LION WILL RUN FROM THE MANORILL IN ABJECT TERROR.



3 **MANORILL**, THE LION HILLED.

4 **THE OSTRICH** DOES NOT BURY HIS HEAD IN THE SAND, BUT SEEMS TO WALK BEHIND IT AT A DISTANCE WHILE FEEDING.



5 **THE MILK SHAVE** DOES NOT HELP HIMSELF TO MILK FROM THE COW, BUT CATCHES HATS AND MICE IN THE MILKHOUSE.



6 **THE LOWLY TOAD** GIVES ON INSECTS, WORMS AND GRUBS.



7 **SAY TO ROLL DOWN HILL**, WITH ITS TAIL IN ITS MOUTH, THE WOOD SNAKE EATS NOTHING OF THE KIND.



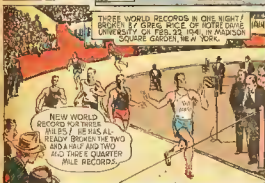
8 **HE IS NO BEAUTY, BUT HE NEVER GAVE ANYONE WANTS.**

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Strathmeyer

# "God's Gift Is Lent"

BY FATHER WILFRED DIAMOND



BESIDES STRENGTHENING HIS BODY, HE ALSO STRENGTHENED HIS WILL.

HE RECEIVED HOLY COMMUNION DAILY.



HE WORE A MIRACULOUS MEDAL.



HE SAID THE ROSARY BEFORE OUR LADY'S SHRINE.

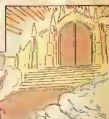


HE RECEIVED THE SULLIVAN AWARD FOR HAVING DONE MOST FOR AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP.



AS WITH GREG, SO OUR LIVES ARE A RACE AGAINST THREE STRONG ENEMIES.

IF WE STRENGTHEN OUR WILLS WE CAN BEAT THEM.



IF WE DO NOT STRENGTHEN OUR WILLS THEY WILL BEAT US.





**LENT** IS THE  
TIME TO  
STRENGTHEN  
OUR WILLS.

CHRISTIANS HAVE  
ALWAYS DONE  
PENANCE DURING  
LENT - FROM ASH  
WEDNESDAY  
UNTIL  
EASTER SUNDAY.

WHY DO  
THEY  
DO THIS?

THIS IS WHY.



HE STRENGTHENED OUR WILLS BY  
FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST  
WHO FASTED FOR FORTY DAYS  
IN THE DESERT.



BEGONE, SATAN!

ALL THESE  
WILL I GIVE THEE,  
THE KINGDOMS  
OF THIS WORLD.

WHEN THE FAST WAS OVER, HE  
SHOWED US HOW TO CONQUER SATAN.



THIRST.



I'M GIVING  
UP CANDY.



I'M GIVING  
UP MOVIES.



I'M GIVING  
UP BACK-BITING.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR LENT?

YOU CAN DO THINGS.



I'M GOING TO  
SAY THE ROSARY  
EVERY DAY.



I'M GOING TO  
DO HOLY COMMUNION  
EVERY DAY.



I'M GOING TO DO  
THE DISHES  
EVERY DAY.



EAT ALL THE  
CANDY YOU  
WANT.

DON'T BE  
A SAP

SAY THE ROSARY  
TOMORROW  
NOT TODAY.

BEGONE!



WE LOST THE  
RACE!

WHEN CHRIST RISES ON EASTER  
SUNDAY, WE CAN SHARE HIS GLORY  
BECAUSE DURING LENT WE SHARED  
IN HIS SUFFERINGS.

One Sunday

# LEGEND OF PANCAKE TUESDAY

IN OLDEN DAYS PANCAKES WERE MADE FOR CELEBRATIONS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

WHAT IS "PANCAKE TUESDAY"?

1946  
TUE, MARCH  
**5**  
*Pancake Tuesday*

47800  
291

SISTER VERONICA SAID IT IS SHROVE TUESDAY

SHROVE TUESDAY IS THE DAY BEFORE ASH WEDNESDAY, WHICH BEGINS LENT.

THE LATIN WORD "SCRIBERE" MEANS "TO WRITE". IT ALSO MEANS "TO DRINK UP A LAW".

A SIMILAR ANGLO-SAXON WORD MEANT "TO JUDGE OR TO IMPOSE A PENANCE".

"SHROVE" IS THE PAST TENSE OF "SHRIVE", WHICH MEANS TO "HEAR A CONFESSION AND ABSOLVE THE PENITENT."

TONIGHT HAD THE FEASTING AND FUN.

YES, "CARNIVAL" MEANS "GOOD-BYE TO MEAT."

FROM THE LATIN: CARNI = MEAT, VALE = FAREWELL.

MANY COUNTRIES HOLD CARNIVAL THE WEEK BEFORE LENT.

I MUST THROW OUT ALL THIS FINE FAT. IT WILL SPOIL BEFORE LENT IS OVER.

NO! NO! WASTE IT NOT! IT WILL MAKE THE SHROVE TUESDAY PANCAKES ON THE MORROW.

IN EARLY DAYS MOST PEOPLE ATE QUANTITIES OF MEAT, AND SAVED EVERY DROP OF FAT.

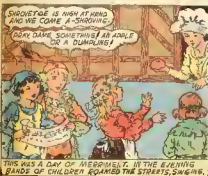
HASTEN, GOOD WIVES! 'TIS NINE O' THE CLOCK! BRING ME YOUR PANCAKES.

THE PANCAKE BELL WAS RUNG ON SHROVE TUESDAY, AT NINE O'CLOCK IN SOME VILLAGES, AT NOON IN OTHERS.

STIR, STIR THE BATTER.

POUR IT INTO THE PAN.

IN EVERY HOME WOMEN MIXED PANCAKE BATTER.







AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK ON SHROVE TUESDAY MORNING IN SOME SCHOOLS, THE VERGER LEFT THE KITCHEN, FOLLOWED BY THE COOK.



SOLEMLY THEY MARCHED TO THE CLASS ROOM. THE COOK TOSSED THE PANCAKE, AND THE BOYS SCRAMBLED FOR IT.



WHOEVER CAUGHT IT UNBROKEN, WENT TO THE DEAN FOLLOWED BY THE COOK, AND BOTH WERE REWARDED.



IN OLD FRENCH VILLAGES A FAT OLD HOG PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS ON SHROVE TUESDAY.



IS CELEBRATED IN MANY LANDS. IT CAME TO AMERICA MORE THAN 100 YEARS AGO WITH STUDENTS EDUCATED IN PARIS. IT IS STILL OBSERVED HERE.



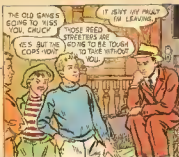
A 17th CENTURY ENGLISH COOK-BOOK CALLED PANCAKES "FLAPJACKS" OR "FLARJACKS." THAT NAME IS STILL USED IN THE UNITED STATES, WHERE THE CAKES ARE MADE FROM BUCKWHEAT, RICE OR WHEAT FLOUR, AND CORN MEAL.

# CHUCK WHITE

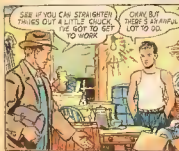
By GRIFFIN JAY

*This begins a new kind of story about a real boy. Follow the adventures of **CHUCK WHITE**, who thought he'd left not only his gang, but fun behind when he moved to Steeltown.*

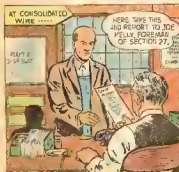




CHUCK WHITE'S FATHER HAD DECIDED TO MOVE FROM INDIANA TO TAKE A JOB IN STEELTOWN. SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES AWAY.



SOON AFTER THEY ARRIVED IN STEELTOWN, MR. WHITE STARTED OUT FOR HIS JOB ON THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE CONSOLIDATED WIRE.

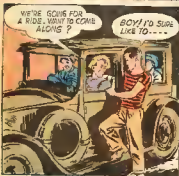
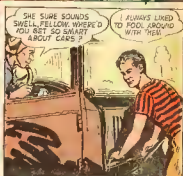






MEANTIME, BACK AT THE WHITE HOME, CHUCK HAD DECIDED TO GET SOMETHING TO EAT. HE WENT OUT OF THE HOUSE AND DOWN THE DINGY STREET, LOOKING FOR A RESTAURANT.









# The ARK and the DOVE

Founding of Maryland

by NIVE FANTON

PART I

SPRING 1632 - THE FIRST LORD BALTIMORE, GEORGE CALVERT LAY DYING AT HIS HOME, COUNTY LONDON, IRELAND.

CECIL, YOU MUST GO TO AMERICA IN MY PLACE.

FATHER, YOU'LL BE WELL BY THE TIME KING CHARLES SIGNS THE CHARTER.

FATHER, MORE YOU AND CECIL KNOW MY WISHES.

YES, FATHER, A SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA, A HOME FOR ENGLISH Catholics.

THIS CHARTER WILL GIVE THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT COUNTRY. A PLACE WHERE ALL OF US MAY WORSHIP AT PEACE WITH ONE ANOTHER.

BEFORE HIS FATHER DIED, LORD BALTIMORE'S ELDEST SON PROMISED TO CARRY OUT HIS FATHER'S PLANS FOR THE NEW LAND OF MARYLAND, NAMED IN HONOR OF QUEEN MARY, STRA. MARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES I.

BALTIMORE WELTED TO RUN OUR VIRGINIA COLONY AS HE DID OUR COMPANY.

WE MUST OBEY HIS MAJESTY'S SIGNS, THE MARYLAND CHARTER.

BUT WE'LL FIND WAYS TO DISCOURAGE FOUNDRING MARYLAND!

BUT IN LONDON THERE WERE ENEMIES.

VIRGINIA-LONDON COMPANY

YES, WITH THIS CHARTER, LORD BALTIMORE, ACTUALLY BECOMES A KING.

HIS COLONISTS WILL NOT TAKE THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.

WILGINS WILL OUTRUST THESE NEW SETTLERS.

DESPITE OPPOSITION, KING CHARLES I. SIGNED THE MARYLAND CHARTER, MAKING CECIL CALVERT PROPRIETOR, JUNE 20<sup>TH</sup> 1632.

NOW ALL WE NEED ARE PASSENGERS AND CREW, LEONARD.

I'VE HAD HUNDREDS PRINTED ADVERTISEMENTS FOR HUNTERS AND SETTLERS.

CECIL CALVERT, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE, OUTFITTED THE ARK AND THE DOVE FOR PASSAGE TO AMERICA.

10 LBS. WAGQUERISES  
16 POWDER HORNS  
THREAD AND NEEDLES,  
CLOTHING, 24 ITEMS  
RAGS OF SEEDS -  
TOOLS.

HE PROVIDED ALL NECESSITIES FOR THE SETTLERS.





AFTER AN HONOUR, THE VIRGINIA EXPEDITION GOT UNDERWAY WITH LEONARD CHAMBERLAIN AS GOVERNOR. AND GEORGE CALVERT, A STOUTER, ALTOGETHER THERE WERE 20 GENTLEMEN OF VERY GOOD FASHION AND 300 LABOURING MEN WELL PROVIDED WITH ALL THINGS. AMONG THE COLONISTS WERE BOTH CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS. THE KING ABSOLVED CATHOLICS FROM TAKING THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.



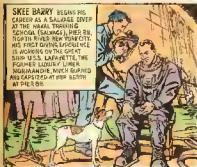
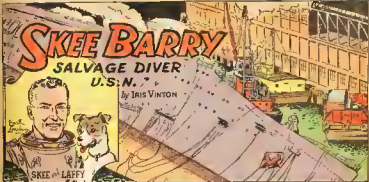
THE JURY AND THE DOVE STOPPED AT THE ISLE OF WRIGHT IN NOVEMBER 1632, ON WAY TO AMERICA TO DELIVER ON BOARD FRISER WHITE AND HAYES ALTHAM, TWO JESUIT PRIESTS.



COLONISTS SAILED UP THE POTOMAC TO AN ISLAND WHICH THEY CALLED ST. CLEMENTS - THE FIRST SETTLEMENT MADE BY LORD BALTIMORE IN THE NEW LAND OF MARYLAND.

TO BE CONTINUED.









WITH THE AID OF A CROWBAR  
SKEE PRIES OPEN THE DOOR.  
HE WORKS IN COMPLETE DARK-  
NESS IN THE MURKY WATER



IM GOING  
THROUGH DOOR.

DON'T FORGET  
TO BE SURE TO  
SECURE DOOR  
SO IT WON'T CL  
ON YOUR  
LIFE LINE!



IM IN THE PURSERS  
COMPARTMENT SEARCHING  
FOR THE SHIRTS SAFE.

LMAYETTE HAD SUNK ON THE  
PORTSIDE. EVERYTHING SHE  
HOLD WAS TOSSED ABOUT  
IN CONFUSION. DINERS'  
WORK WAS MADE MORE  
DIFFICULT BY SLOPING  
DECKS AND JUTTING  
BULKHEADS.



GIVE ME MORE  
SLACK. SAFE MUST BE  
ON FAR SIDE OF COM-  
PARTMENT.



YOUR LINES ARE ROILED.  
TENDER GAVE YOU SLACK.  
— BACKTRACK !



LOCATED SAFE. WILL  
SECURE IT BEFORE BACKTRACK-  
ING. HAVE ENOUGH SLACK  
TO WORK



HAVE SECURED SAFE.  
NOW BACKTRACKING TO  
UNFOUL MY LIFELINE.



SOMETHING WRONG  
HERE. I'M MIXED  
UP!

SKEE FORGETS WHICH WAY  
HE WENT AROUND POST AND  
BACKTRACKS IN WRONG DIRECTION



WILD HELLO!  
WHAT'S WRONG?

SIGNALS ON LIFELINE  
IN TENDER'S HANDS TELL  
TOPSIDE SKEE IS IN  
URGENT NEED OF HELP.  
LAFFY SENSING  
TROUBLE BACKS  
EXCITELY.

SEND DIVER DOWN  
NEED HELP....



GO DOWN IMMEDIATELY.  
SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED  
TO BARRY.

YES, SIR



RESCUE DIVER FOLLOWS SKEE'S  
TORTUOUS TRAIL BY GRASPING  
SKEE'S LIFELINE



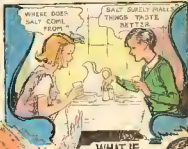
FOUND PLACE WHERE  
LINE IS FOULED - HOSE  
INTACT....



BUT SKEE'S  
BLOWN UP!

TO BE CONTINUED

# The WHAT IF fairy





ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SALT MINES



SO THIS IS  
WHERE YOU  
CAME FROM -  
A MINE.

YES, I AM  
A MINERAL.  
YOU COULDN'T  
LIVE WITHOUT  
ME IN YOUR  
FOOD.

THEY HOPE TO HAVE A CHANCE  
PRESENTLY TO TALK WITH THE MINERS



THIS  
IS WHERE  
I USED TO BE.  
IT IS 340 FEET DEEP,  
SO MUCH SALT IS TAKEN  
OUT THAT THE MINE GROWS  
6 1/2 FEET DEEPER EVERY YEAR.

WON'T IT ALL  
BE DUG OUT  
BEFORE LONG?

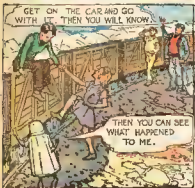


THIS IS A BIG MINE  
150,000 TONS GO OUT  
YEARLY.

THE SALT IN  
THIS MINE WILL  
LAST 200 YEARS.



WHERE DOES IT  
GO FROM HERE?

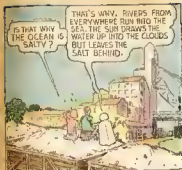


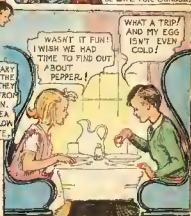
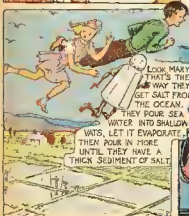
GET ON THE CAR AND GO  
WITH IT. THEN YOU WILL KNOW.

THEN YOU CAN SEE  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO ME.



LOOK,  
THERE IS SALT  
IN THAT RIVER.  
IT WASHES OUT  
OF THE EARTH  
AND IS CARRIED  
DOWN TO THE SEA  
IN THE WATER.





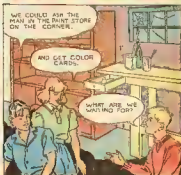
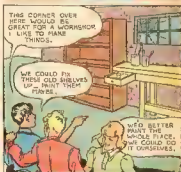
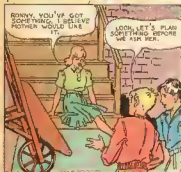
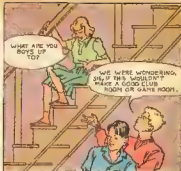
# The ROBINSONS' RUMPUS ROOM

BY CHESTER

MARSH

CHARLIE ELLIS PLOT







THEY TELL THE PAINT MAN THEIR PLANS.

THAT'S FINE. THE FIRST THING TO DO IS SELECT YOUR COLORS CAREFULLY AND DECIDE ON THE KIND OF PAINT.

THEN WHAT?

CLEAN THE SURFACE TO BE PAINTED, AND SAND-PAPER THE ROUGH SPOTS SMOOTH.

WHAT WOULD BE A GOOD COLOR?

FOR A BATHROOM, I'D USE A LIGHT COLOR. IT WILL MAKE THE ROOM BRIGHTER. GET A GOOD PAINT WITH AN OIL BASE AND IT CAN BE WASHED.

WHAT ABOUT BRUSHES?

GET GOOD BRUSHES, AND TAKE CARE OF THEM. DON'T LEAVE THEM STANDING IN WATER OR TURPENTINE. WASH THEM THOROUGHLY IN WARM WATER AND SOAK.

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL NEED PAINT, PRIMER, SANDPAPER, AND TURPENTINE. ANYTHING ELSE?

YOU'LL WANT PLENTY OF RAGS AND NEWSPAPERS. CLEAN UP AS YOU WORK. THAT IS IMPORTANT!

WE CAN HAVE CURTAINS AND A GAME TABLE AND BOOKS.

AND A WOOD BENCH.

AND THE PHONOGRAPH.

I CAN JUST SEE IT. NASTY, UGLY COLORS. MESS GRAY SAID THE COLORS NATURE USES IN ANY SINGLE ELDONSON ALWAYS BLEND HARMONIOUSLY.

LET'S ASK DAD ABOUT IT TONIGHT. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET GOING.

THEY TELL DAD AND MOTHER THEIR PLAN.

IT'S A FINE PLAN. GO RIGHT AHEAD AND WE'LL HELP. LET'S CALL IT ROBINSON'S RUMPUSS ROOM.

TO BE CONTINUED-

# Mystery of the LIMPING MAN

BY GRIFFIN JAY



Red Stevens was a riot of color as he fought his way through the storm to PC Headquarters on South Fifteenth Street. Against the snow his lumberjacket was like fire and his streaming muffler like flames. But brightest blaze of all was Red's red head. Fat Gorman always explained that Red wore his leather helmet only in storms because, without rain or snow, the leather would be grilled like a hamburger on Red's fiery thatch.

This day, however, Fat needn't worry, for the snow clung even to Red's eyebrows and lashes as he turned into Fifteenth Street, guided more by instinct than by sight. No mere blizzard could keep Red from PC Headquarters this day after Christmas. He was hoping the whole club would be there in its official home, on the town's edge, in the once shabby, scrubby shack, now boasting paint, padlocks, pictures and a grand name—The Club for the Prevention of Crime.

The smoking stovepipe gladdened Red's heart, the others were there. He had something for them today. And they had something for him—a little hard snow—just inside the door. Bursting with his news, Red didn't look down. Red stepped on the slippery slab and down went Red. The crash knocked wind and wits

out of him. The news came back before there was enough wind to put it into words.

"Listen—," Red gasped, his head on Mike Fields' feet, his feet in Tod Worth's lap.

Bill Townsend, ever Red's helpful friend, put the coal scuttle—with the coal—on Red's head, and Fat Gorman, from the one rocking chair, judged Red's behavior severely.

"You should," said Fat, "go to a girl's school where you learn to enter a room politely."

"Listen," cried Red, "I just got a letter from Uncle Charley."

"Didn't know he could write," said Mike Fields. "I thought maybe sometime I'd go up to that lake where he lives and teach him."

Red shook off a mixture of snowflakes and coal dust. He answered Mike slowly. "Well, Mickey boy, get Uncle Charley's first lesson ready. We leave this afternoon on the two-thirty train."

Fat looked at Bill, Bill at Tod, Tod at Mike, Mike looked at Red and Red looked wise.

Fat broke the silence. "I knew a fall would scatter his brains. They can't even be swept together again. And he used to be sane!"

"I was never sane!" exploded Red. "Listen to Uncle Charley's letter: 'Here's my Christmas present to you. If you and those four draps you call friends can come to my cottage at Bard Lake, I promise you a week's fun you'll never forget—all expenses paid. The day after Christmas would be fine to start. Wire me and I'll meet the train.'"

Telephones jangled upon the walls of various homes. Mothers' voices, worried and indecisive, asked each other about the proposed trip. It was such bad weather, cold and snowy, you never could tell what might happen.

It took more than an hour for matters to straighten themselves out. Red, Tod, Fat and Bill could go, but Mrs. Fields was afraid it would be too much for Mike. He already had a cold and he wasn't robust. She was sorry, but...

Mike sat alone in his room and looked out the window at the thick heavy flakes. There was

a set expression about his lips and the muscles of his jaws were lumped into hard knots to keep from making a sound.

All the fun and glow of Christmas had gone out of things. Dowstairs, his tree glittered with tinsel and trimmings. His electric train, his new chemistry set, his mechanical builder and a pair of shining ice skates were forgotten. He had been so thrilled about them yesterday, but now he found he couldn't go to Bird Lake.

He sat motionless, his shoulders hunched up. It was hard for anyone else to understand just how much being a member of the PC Club meant to Mike. It was the greatest thing in all the world to him, that he was a member when other, and larger boys, were not. He would rather die than fail the Club. And now, all the others were going to Bird Lake without him!

THE STATION WAS FILLED with the rush and roar of the train as it pulled in. Bitter, strong smoke poured from its smokestack and settled toward the platform which trembled and shook beneath the weight of the train. Passengers peered without interest from the windows of the coaches as it came to a stop. They saw four boys struggling with grips, skates, hockey sticks, etc., rush from the station toward the train. Three mothers trailed them, anxious expressions upon their faces.

The conductor lifted their equipment up the steps and glanced at his watch. Farther up the tracks men were busily throwing mail sacks and baggage aboard.

"I wish," Tod said dismally, "Mike were going with us. It doesn't seem right for us to..."

Red interrupted with a whoop. "Look!" he shouted, and pointed toward the station. Mike and his father were running toward them.

"I can go!" Mike yelled at the top of his lungs. "I can go after all!"

Then Mr. Fields and Mike were upon them and the conductor was calling "B-a-a-r-d!" They scrambled up the steps and stood at the top talking and waving. The train jarrd, quivered and began to move slowly. The conductor swung aboard and the trip was begun.

Mr. Fields and the mothers waited upon the platform until the train was out of sight. Then Mr. Fields turned to the others. "I found Mike sitting all alone in his room," he said, "and I

couldn't let him do that. He'll be all right." Mr. Fields understood his son.

IT WAS WARM INSIDE THE COACH and comfortable. It smelled "trainy" and from time to time smoke from the engine pushed against the windows and was snatched away by the wind. The train jostled and jolted a little. The wheels sent out a monotonous rhythm that was satisfying.

Tod, Red, Fat, Bill, and Mike all sat together with their bags resting in the luggage rack above their heads. They had pushed one of the seat-bucks forward so that they could all be in one group. Tod, Red, and Mike rode forward while Fat and Bill rode backward.

The coach was not crowded. Here and there a man read a newspaper. A woman farther back in the coach was trying to get a baby to sleep. Directly opposite the boys sat a man reading a magazine. He was tall, slender and dark, his beard blue-black through the skin of his chin. A small, black mustache, carefully trimmed, adorned his upper lip. His eyes were black, his hair crinkly and curly beneath his hat which rested upon the back of his head. He was carefully dressed in a dark suit. From time to time he glanced casually at the five boys across the aisle.

Red had made exactly seven trips to the water cooler and back when the conductor entered. At sight of him Red's face lit up.

"Hello, Mr. Watt," he said. "How are you?"

That gentleman paused and looked at Red.



"Hello, Red," he said. "Merry Christmas!" Red shook hands.

"Merry Christmas to you," he answered, "And a happy New Year." Mr. Watt nodded seriously.

"Thank you," he said. "Happy New Year to you." Then he looked at Tod, Mike, Fat, and Bill. "Where are you boys going?"

"Bird Lake," Red answered. "We're going up to spend a week with Uncle Charley."

"Tell Uncle Charley Merry Christmas for me," Mr. Watt told the boys. Then a sudden thought struck him. "Say! This is the whole PC Club, isn't it?"

"Sure," Red nodded. Mr. Watt grinned.

"I heard about your Club from your father," he went on. "All of you going along in a posse like this looks rather suspicious. Think you'll find any crime up there?"

"If there is any crime in the vicinity," Red answered seriously, "we'll take care of it. The PC Club is always on the lookout for law-breakers."

"Well," Mr. Watt continued, "you never can tell when a crime is going to come right up and hit you on the nose." Mr. Watt took their tickets and continued on through the coach. There was a short silence and then Tod caught the stranger across the aisle looking at them curiously. He frowned slightly and the stranger spoke.

"What," he asked, "is the PC Club? That is, if you don't mind talking to a man you never saw before."

Five pairs of eyes regarded him.

"We don't mind," Tod answered, "talking to anybody, provided we know who that anybody is."

The stranger nodded his approval. "That's only fair," he said. "My name's Tony Evans."

Tod held out his hand. "Mine's Tod Worth," he answered and introduced the others. Tony Evans greeted them all.

"Now," he said, when that was over, "what's this PC Club?"

Tod explained that the initials "PC" stood for the Prevention of Crime. The Club had been organized a year before and boasted five members. It operated by dividing their city up into five Sectors, or Divisions, and each member was responsible for all the Crime in his Sector. A Daily Report was made at PC Headquarters,

and any suspicious happenings recorded to the Daily Report Book were discussed. Nothing any more exciting than lost dogs, pocketbooks, or children ever seemed to come their way. Such a state of affairs was rather discouraging.

Tony Evans inclined his head thoughtfully. "I see what you mean," he said, "but you never can tell, as the conductors said. Maybe if you boys keep trying long enough a real crime will come along."



"I'm going to Bird Lake, myself," Tony Evans continued. "That's why I spoke to you in the first place."

"You own a cottage there?" Tony Evans shook his head.

"No," he answered carelessly, "just know some of my friends who do, though."

There was a silence for a few minutes and Tony Evans leaned back in his seat.

"Glad to have met you," he said. "Maybe we'll see more of each other at the lake. If you should run across any crime or criminals while you're up there, let me know, will you?"

"Why?" Tod asked. Tony became strangely silent, a crooked half-grin changing his friendly face.

"Sure," Bill answered, "we'll let you know." Doubt flooded the faces of the other four and, until they reached Bird Lake, they seldom took their eyes off Tony.

*(Continued in the next issue)*

# Puzzle & Game Page

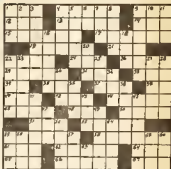
By Jules Leopold

## ACROSS

1. Spider's ensnare
4. Those who are against
9. Small place
12. Fear
15. Draw with colors
16. Illness
17. Frolicked
18. Goss and Bulle
19. Fundamental
21. Rodent
22. Army use
24. Groove
26. Spect
29. Below
31. Busy house
33. Age
34. Doctor of Divinity
35. Ennue
37. The whole
39. Preparation
40. Obstin
42. Gazette of Tibet
44. Ornamental structures
46. Home of Adam and Eve
47. Skill
50. Mineral deposits
51. Came together
53. French river
55. Film
56. Trans Jordan mountain
61. Exclamation
62. Flower (plural)
64. Poem
65. Organ of hearing
66. A shop
67. Likewise out

## DOWN

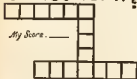
1. Conciler
2. Sell
3. Dropped explosives used
4. Imitates
5. Lowest point
6. Note of the scale
7. Incorporated (abbr.)
8. Heavenly body
9. Fight
10. Sick
11. Golf mound
14. What we write on
16. Light blow
20. Young home
22. Magistrate
23. Finished
25. Beverage
27. Get up
28. N. Y. ball team
30. Carpet
32. Large deer
36. Snake
38. King of beasts (plu.)
41. Mound



43. Supply with weapons
45. Northwest state
47. Burn
49. Grow smaller toward one end
52. Sisters
54. Ancestral
56. Grow old
58. Comes in a pod
59. Nephew of Abraham
60. Fum
64. Pronoun
65. Thus

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

## CAN YOU TOP IT?



Plenty of fun in this new word game! The idea is to see who can get the highest score. You can play it against your friends, or try to beat our score of 123 as shown in the example below.

The rules are simple! Fill the diagram with 3 good English words (no proper nouns). Then give each letter its value as shown in our Letter Value chart. To get your score, add up the total value of the 16 letters. Don't use different forms of the same word; like RUN and RAN, GIVE and GIVING.



## LETTER VALUES

A-4	J-4	S-4
B-4	K-4	T-4
C-4	L-4	U-4
D-4	M-4	V-4
E-4	N-4	W-4
F-4	O-4	X-4
G-4	P-4	Y-4
H-4	Q-4	Z-4
I-4	R-4	

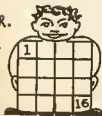
Mr. Four-by-four feels mighty chipper in his new checked suit. Just one little touch is needed to make it really elegant. Maybe you can help out.

Using each of the numbers from 1 to 16 inclusive, fill in all of the squares on that each row—horizontally, vertically, and along the two main diagonals—will add up to 34. Ten numbers have been thrown in to get you off to a good start.

ANSWER IN NEXT ISSUE

MR.

4x4





## COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



TWO WEEKS FROM NOW, HOW SHALL WE BE DOING WITH OUR LENTEN RESOLUTIONS? JAGGING AT THE KNEES JUST A LITTLE? FATHER DIAMOND KNOWS NOW WE FEEL—AND HE GIVES US A PEPPER-SUPPER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



DID YOU FIND THAT LOST ROOM IN THE BASEMENT OR THE ATTIC? WE REALLY GET DOWN TO BUSINESS IN THE NEXT ROBINSONS' RUMPUSS ROOM—WE'LL HELP THE YOUNG ROBINS FIND.

FOLLOW CHUCK WHITE INTO ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL. CHUCK GETS OFF THE BEAM BUT FATHER CARROLL BELIEVES HE'S A "RIGHT GUY".



DANGEROUS BUSINESS, THIS CALLED GIVING? LARRY GOES INTO THE RECOMMENDATION CHAMBER WITH SKEE.

DOES PEPPER GROW ON PEPPER TREES? AND DO RAGES COME FROM RAGWEED? YOU HAVE A "DATE" WITH BILLY AND MARY IN THE LAND WHERE PEPPER GROWS.

### PLUS - THE REBEL ISLANDS -

PART TWO IN THE STORY OF MARYLAND. HERE WE SEE THE FAMOUS FATHER WHITE IN ACTION.

**MYSTERY OF THE LIMPING MAN**  
THAT HAPPEN FOR "RED" AND HIS FRIENDS. MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS AND GROWING SUSPICIONS!

**DEBUNKING ANIMALS -**  
DOES THE CROCODILE EAT TEARS?

**PUZZLE PAGE -** ANOTHER PAGE OF PUZZLES AND TRICKS - ANOTHER BIG CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

**WHAT TIME IS IT? -** THE STORY OF OUR MODERN CLOCKS.

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substitute for the objectionable comic publication. It stands on its own merits as a quality magazine which children—and adults—will enjoy and profit by.

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